

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 319.]

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1858.

[PRICE 1d.]



ARRIVAL AT CALCUTTA, AND INTRODUCTION TO ZILLAH.

## THE INDIAN NABOB:

OR, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER IX.—THE VOYAGE, AND A PORTRAITURE OF  
A FRIEND.

You would not thank me, Archie, if I were very  
No. 319, 1858.

minutely to describe the monotonous events of a long voyage; but I shall not entirely pass over in silence the eight months which elapsed from the time of my embarkation to that of our landing on the banks of the Hooghly, because the society

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into which I was then cast exercised no considerable influence over the chequered scenes through which I was afterwards called to pass.

To begin at the beginning. The castles in the air which the former portion of my memoirs left me building, were very soon dispersed by considerations far less imaginative and more terrestrial. In a few hours I was suffering intensely from seasickness. For days I lay in a state of utter prostration of mind and body, almost insensible to the rocking, heaving, and tossing of our vessel, while striving against adverse winds, and quite indifferent as to whether or not the ship—crew, passengers, and all—would be engulfed by the next mountain wave. The peril passed away, however, and in time my terrible sickness diminished. It was on a fine calm day that I managed to lift myself on deck; and from that hour strength and fresh life seemed pouring in upon me.

I have spoken of passengers. You are well aware, Archie, that the decks and cabins of East-India merchant ships, forty or fifty years ago, were not so fully occupied as they have been of late years, with inexperienced and ardent youths in search of fame and fortune; with smart young officers entering for the first time on active service in the land of golden promise, each thinking himself a Clive, a Hastings, or a Coote; with wealthy valetudinarians, their leave of absence expired, returning to their duties and probably to their graves, but yet intent on heaping up more riches, not knowing who shall hereafter profit by them, or how soon and recklessly they will be squandered and scattered by hungry and eager heirs; and with young and adventurous females, sent perhaps from impoverished homes in England, under the protection of the captain, to cheer the lonely bungalow of some fortunate bachelor member of the family abroad. These times were yet to come.

There were passengers on board the S—East Indiaman, however. Some of these were young men, like myself, entering for the first time on the serious business of life, and having received appointments like mine in the Company's service. There was nothing either remarkably attractive or repulsive in these young men, who, when the voyage should be over, would probably be my associates. There were also two or three more elderly civilians, who looked down, as it seemed to me, with unnecessary superciliousness on their younger and humbler fellow-voyagers, limiting their courtesy to slight and occasional civilities, while holding intercourse only among themselves or with the captain of the ship.

In addition to these was a young man—though several years older than myself—on whose character, as it was then presented to me, I must bestow more than a passing notice. His name was Mason; his profession was military, and his rank that of a lieutenant. In the fore part of the ship, in some dark and dismal between-decks, were stowed a small detachment of recruits under his command, destined for the Company's small and inefficient garrison at Fort William. Of these little need be said, save that they seemed to have been picked up in the lowest haunts of vice and wretchedness. At the time of which I write, the regular service had few charms or in-

ducements for moral, sober, and industrious members of the community. You will remember Hogarth's picture of "The March to Finchley," as a correct portraiture, and not, as some will have it, as a caricature of the licence, disorder, and immorality of an English army of that period. But there were lower depths than these to be found in the materials of which the then insignificant battalions of the East were composed. Little inducement, in fact, was held out to recruits in this precarious service, in a hot and hazardous climate, at so great a distance from home. The Company had not risen to the repute which it has now attained; and consequently hulks, prisons, and, if I mistake not, hospitals, had to be searched and canvassed, and the lowest and basest of mankind employed to allure—I fear even to kidnap—the unwary, to keep up the small supply then required to guard the British forts in India.

Such as these were the score or so of raw, untried soldiers in the S—East Indiaman. Restless and unruly, they kept the ship in constant turmoil. Between decks they were riotous and boisterous, and, on deck, often sullen or savage; if not entirely defying, yet anything but submissive to, the discipline of the ship, and requiring all the vigilance and alternate coaxings and threats of a smart non-commissioned officer to keep them from mutinying.

In striking contrast to this as yet undisciplined crew was their young commander, Lieutenant Mason. Fascinating in manner, and intelligent in conversation, he soon became the most popular of all the passengers on board; while the handsome andress uniform he wore, set off to advantage an uncommonly symmetrical and graceful frame, and a countenance of remarkable beauty.

I suspect, Archie, that there are few men so entirely insensible to external charms, even in one of our own sex, as not to be in some measure influenced by them. At all events, I perfectly well remember the feelings of admiration, not unmixed with envy perhaps, which from the first day of our meeting powerfully attached me to the handsome young lieutenant. I believe that Mason was not slow in perceiving the impression he had made; and, ere many days had passed away, an intimacy commenced, which ripened into what I, at least, fancied to be friendship.

Lieutenant Mason, as I soon found, was, like myself, born of a good family, and was on his first voyage to India; but here almost all similarity between us, in either antecedent or present circumstances, ended. He had lost his father in infancy; his mother, rich, gay, and still young in her early widowhood, had made London her home; and Frank, her only son, had evidently had a pretty full and free run in the world of fashionable pleasure. Why he had chosen a military profession, or, choosing that, had contented himself with the then comparatively obscure and despised service on which he had entered, he did not explain.

As our friendship ripened, our communications became naturally more unreserved and confidential. Frank soon knew all my history, nearly as I have given it to you, and learned from me also—that I have omitted to explain in due sequence—that my generous patron, Mr. Middleton, had not only privately furnished me with a full purse,

but had settled on me a liberal allowance for a limited number of years, until I could, as he said, feel my way and push my own interests in India; for you will understand, Archie, that at that time the pay of an underling writer in the Company's service was wretchedly small, and insufficient for even necessary expenses.

On the other hand, Lieutenant Mason was equally free in his communications—so free and unreserved, indeed, that but for his ingenuous confessions of shame and penitence, I should have been shocked by some of his disclosures; for, before the dawn was on his lip and chin, he had evidently led the life of a chartered libertine. Unsatisfied with the dissipation of what is called "good society," he had made himself familiar with scenes of low vice; he had often escaped from crowded drawing-rooms to plunge into the dark recesses of cider-cellars, or the secret dens of unwashed gamblers. How many times, according to his own statements, he had perilled even his life in such degraded company, and how often he had come off victorious from desperate midnight conflicts with city watchmen, I cannot bring myself to repeat; nor shall I rehearse the darker tales of sin and folly which he confided to my listening ears.

You may wonder, Archie, that my sense of propriety, aided by the strict moral training to which I had been subject, did not revolt from these "instructions," which were so well calculated to "cause to err." Perhaps I should have turned away in distaste or alarm if these confidential communications had not been accompanied, as I have just said, by expressions of self-contempt and self-reproach. But besides this, you will remember that in those days (it is too much the case in these, Archie),\* profligacy of the sort I have described was fashionable, so as to pass for the natural if not quite proper exuberance of youth, and the sign of a choice, free, and generous spirit. Men of fortune and in high position gloried then, as they would not dare boast now, in their shame; and even those who avoided these monstrous excesses, and looked gravely when they were mentioned, for the most part tolerated what they could not restrain or cure.

Add to this, Archie, that I had been so impressed in all sorts of ways, and on almost all hands, from my earliest childhood, with a sense of my inferiority in intellect and judgment to every one with whom I came into contact—had been the "dunce," the "born blockhead," the "fool of the family," and so forth, ever since my reason, or no-reason had begun to dawn—that I had at that time very little self-respect or self-reliance. You remember the proverb, "Give a dog a bad name, and then hang him;" meaning, I presume, that he will do something to deserve hanging. Well, I had been called a fool, till I not only believed myself to be one, but, in some respects, was a fool. I was so far a fool, as that I should scarcely have dared to exercise the faculty of judgment; and, flattered as I was by the preference shown to me by the handsome and fascinating young officer, what little discrimina-

tion I possessed was by him taken captive and bound.

My natural curiosity, too, was gratified by the descriptions Mason gave of scenes with which he had been familiar, but which to me were entirely unknown. He not only had been a constant visitor at theatres, but was conversant with actors and actresses. He had had some acquaintance, also, with political writers and literary men of that period, and had many anecdotes to tell respecting them, some true doubtless, and some perhaps apocryphal, but all equally curious and characteristic.

Frank Mason had fought, too. The unchristian, barbarous, and savage practice of duelling is fearfully prevalent now, Archie;\* but, then it was not only more prevalent, but, in its details, more barbarous and savage, though not more unchristian. Frank Mason had been twice a duellist; and he boasted that, in one instance, he had so wounded his antagonist as to disable him for the remainder of his life; and that, in the second, he had left "his man" on the ground mortally wounded.

Such was the man, Archie, with whom I flattered myself I had formed an undying friendship!

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE VOYAGE, AND AN ADVENTURE.—CALCUTTA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the friendship I had contracted with Mason, I soon became thoroughly tired of the voyage. None but a landsman who has experienced it, can form a correct notion of the dreariness of being cooped up for months in a small cabin, relieved only by circumscribed walks on the deck of a ship, with the same unvarying prospect around of apparently shoreless and fathomless water. On board the S— we had not even the excitement of a storm to quicken our pulses; for, though the wind was occasionally fresh, and still oftener contrary, so as to drive us out of our course, and though we were sometimes tossed about on heavy waves, the voyage was exempt from the greater dangers of the ocean.

During the earlier part of the voyage, we younger passengers who were furnished with books, though somewhat scantily, made some feeble pretences at reading and study; but this employment was soon abandoned, and as we entered the hotter latitudes, amusement was principally sought on deck in watching the sports of flying-fish, casting baits for albatrosses, and in unsuccessful endeavours at hooking a large shark, which perseveringly followed in the wake of the ship for upwards of a week. And respecting this same shark, or one near of kin to it, I have an incident to relate, which introduced me to another friend, on my connection with whom hinged much of my subsequent career.

It happened one day that we were becalmed. The sea was smooth as a mirror and beautifully clear; the sky above us was without a cloud, and the heat was excessive. It was proposed by Mason to bathe, and the suggestion was eagerly received by us all. At his request a boat was lowered,

\* The readers of the "Leisure Hour" will bear in mind that Mr. Hector Dare is supposed to have written the above at the close of the last century, or sixty years ago.

\* We again remind our readers that the "now" of the writer of these memoirs is the "then" of the present time.

into which some of the young passengers descended; while, for the accommodation of the more timid, or cautious, or inexpert, a mainsail was stretched and dipped a few feet below the surface of the sea, close by the ship's side, so as to form a secure stage for the bathers. At the same time, a sharp look-out was kept from the mast-head and from deck, to give warning of approaching danger from sharks' teeth. I should observe, that this was after the finny follower I have just mentioned had for some days apparently taken leave of us.

We had been some time enjoying our bath, without accident or appearance of danger, and had scrambled, some on deck and some into the boat, to put on our light clothing, when one of the elder passengers expressed his determination to follow our tempting example. In a few minutes he plunged into the water, and rose again at some distance from the ship. Evidently he was a fearless swimmer; and, once in the water, all apprehension of danger from any source seemed to be lost in the luxury of the enjoyment and his own consciousness of power.

Many minutes elapsed; and Mr. Dalzell—for that was his name—had struck out from the ship further than he probably was aware, when a cry from the mast-head electrified all within hearing with a thrill of terror; and, in a moment, every eye was directed towards the daring swimmer. Unconscious of danger, he was quietly floating on his back, probably two hundred yards or more from the ship, while at about double that distance could be discerned the white fin of a sea monster, rising above the surface of the water, darting with inconceivable rapidity towards its anticipated prey, and leaving behind a wake, straight as an arrow, almost as far as sight could reach.

"A shark! a shark!" was shouted by fifty voices; and as this sound of terror rebounded and skimmed over the smooth sea, the unsuspecting swimmer turned over, raised his head, looked around him, and struck out with nervous and almost incredible force towards the ark of safety.

But, marvellous as were his exertions, it was hopeless to suppose that he could outstrip the enemy. Rapidly he neared the ship, but more rapidly the horrible fin in his rear clave the water. In a minute the distance between the pursued and the pursuer was diminished by one half.

Meanwhile, on board, all was confusion. No efforts, beyond that of shouting loudly and ferociously, seemed to be making for the rescue of the unfortunate passenger from impending destruction; and the half-dressed bathers in the boat, with the two seamen at the oars, were obviously seized with a panic, and pulled with might and main towards the ship.

I have no very clear remembrance of what followed. I was conscious, however, of having sprung from the ship's side. (I had been a good swimmer from childhood, Archie: this was one of the things I could do; but then, you know, any block-head can swim—if he find out how). Well, I knew that I was in the water, and that in my hand was a naked cutlass; how it got there I did not know; but they told me afterwards that I snatched it from a stand of arms kept on deck. I remember, too, that, with a sort of blind animal impulse, I struck out towards the almost exhausted man,

passed him, and then dived. I speak the truth, Archie, when I say that I remember very little else. There was a great opaque mass above me, then a desperate turmoil and floundering in the water, then a rushing past me of that same opaque mass, down, down, into the deep below, while I rose to the surface to breathe. I remember nothing more.

Not many minutes seemed to have been occupied by all this strange pantomime, in which, as it appeared to me, I was not so much an actor as a spectator; or rather, perhaps, as though my body and mind were for the time dissociated, the former having snatched the reins from its natural guide and director, and acted on some wild prompting of a hidden nature; while the latter, yielding to circumstances, had resigned its leadership. Not many minutes, I say, seemed to have been occupied by all this; but when I rose to the surface, the scene was changed. Another boat had been lowered from the ship, the bulwarks of which were lined with eager spectators. The boat, impelled by four sturdy rowers, had already reached the harassed bather, had taken him in, and was making eager way towards me. In another minute arms were stretched out towards me, and I was dragged over the gunwale. Then, for the first time, I perceived that the point of the weapon I still held in my hand was broken off short, and that my hand and the sleeve of my shirt was blood-stained.

"Where's the shark?" I asked, staring wildly, as I was afterwards told, at the place where he had been, as the boat swept round towards the ship.

"The shirk," responded one of the sailors, with a laugh, "some of him there—looks likely;" and he nodded at my stained sleeve.

"Nonsense; that's blood."

"Shirk's blood," said the man.

"I don't believe it," said I. Neither did I believe it.

They would have it, however, when we were once again on deck, that if I had not killed, I had severely wounded the monster, and saved the life of my fellow passenger: and as the deed was rather creditable than otherwise, I was not hard to be persuaded. But I reaffirm now, as I protested then, that it was altogether an affair of the body, with which the mind had no concern.

"Mind or body," said Mr. Dalzell, when I stammered out my disavowal of any intention or forethought in the matter, "you have saved my life; but there is one in India who will thank you better than I can for this. Your destination is Calcutta—so is mine—we shall meet there."

For some days after this, Mr. Dalzell's life was in danger. The suddenness of the alarm and the extraordinary exertion he had put forth to escape the shark, reacted on his frame and constitution, and a month passed before he was able to leave his cabin.

I shall not detain you, Archie, with any further account of my voyage. Glad at heart to see land again, but impatient to set foot upon it, after the long and dreary confinement on shipboard, I paid, at the time, but slight regard to the varied prospects which presented themselves as we slowly wound our passage up the Hooghly. I saw only



that the banks of the river were beautiful, with forests of strange foliage and luxurious growth, and perceived that the air was richly perfumed. At length our destination was reached, the anchor dropped, a salute fired and returned, and preparation made for landing. Strange figures, with swarthy complexions, and in loose and scanty costume, then came to the ship's side—some in odd-looking boats, and some swimming in what appeared almost to be their native element—and agilely clambered on to the deck, with extreme tenuity of limb and immovable gravity of countenance. Fellow-countrymen, from the Fort, also made their appearance, yellow and sickly-looking for the most part. Inquiries were made, recognitions, introductions, and civilities exchanged and interchanged—a tantalizing delay of some hours, to be endured with what patience remained; and at last our feet were upon the soil of Asia.

As, with my younger fellow-voyagers and future probable associates, I stood on the ghaut or landing-place, watching the disembarkation of the few soldiers that were to be, under the command of my friend Lieutenant Mason, and waiting for a promised guide to our own eventual destination, I heard a cry of delight, in soft, childlike, and musical tones, which caused me to turn instinctively to the quarter whence they appeared to issue; and then I saw, surrounded by a number of native servants, Mr. Dalzell bowing himself to meet the passionate embraces of a beautiful child, who had sprung from the control of an elderly native female to throw her arms around the returned civilian, sobbing and laughing in the same breath, with almost hysterical excess of gladness.

I have written "child," and I know not how else better to describe the ethereal being, on whose raptures of happiness it seemed almost an intrusion to gaze, while the eye—mine at least—refused to turn away from the sight. Perhaps, however, she had numbered some fifteen years; and the ardent sun of an eastern clime had ripened even European childish loveliness into more than childish beauty. Her dark hair, escaping from the confinement of a broad straw hat, hung in clustering curls over the simple frock of pure white muslin. Her cheeks glowed, tears chased freely down them from her full, dark, and glistening eyes, and her bosom heaved convulsively as she pressed her lips again and again to the cheeks and brow of her recovered friend, until she gently nestled on his breast. Enough; I feel a child again in describing this scene; my eyes are moist, Archie, and my hand trembles. Enough.

I had turned at length from this sight, and was walking slowly away, when a hand was laid on my shoulder. It was Mr. Dalzell's.

"We are not to part thus, Mr. Dare. I told you that there was one who would thank you better than I can. See, my grandchild—Zillah Dalzell! Zillah, darling, you would never have seen your grandfather again, but for this brave lad. He saved my life, Zillah: I will not at this time tell you how; but will you not thank him?"

She looked up into my face and modestly whispered her thanks, in accents almost too low for me to hear.

Her protector smiled. "Zillah thanks you," he said, "in her fashion: I must thank you in

mine. You shall hear from me soon; we shall meet again. For the present, farewell, my young friend."

## RAILWAY DOTTINGS.

DOT THREE.

THE STATION-MASTER'S STORY CONCLUDED.

"We had not got much further on our journey, after depositing the elderly gentleman at his new post, before we came to a sharp incline—quite a hill, in fact—a cut through an enormous mountain—and up which I wondered how we could be pulled. But up and up we nevertheless slowly toiled, rocks and earth on each side looking down dismally upon us. As I looked back, I could not help exclaiming: 'Should anything be wrong with the line, or the weight prove too great for our engines, or a coupling give way, what will become of us?' However, after hard and mighty toil, we reached the summit, and soon after, another station; but this was widely different from the previous ones. This adjoined a large town; the buildings were very tastefully constructed; the country around was pretty, and we seemed to have come into a civilized district again. Here we halted a little, whilst the head officials went to obtain some refreshment. Nor were we forgotten, each of us having been treated to a glass of sherry, to cheer us on our journey.

After a rest of about an hour at this spot, during which we made an examination of the station, inside as well as out, and which we found to be rather comfortable than otherwise—although, like all such places, on the first opening of a line, not quite completed—off again we started. It was now getting towards the dusk of evening; and after dropping three other clerks at their respective destinations—two small stations, similarly built to the first, though not placed in quite so dreary a locality, and one moderately-sized station, the business of all being hurried off rather more unceremoniously as the day was departing—about an hour afterwards was I dropped down here with my trucks of goods and chattels.

"Among the incidents of my journey, I cannot help referring to a miserable-looking man, with a bald head, who amused me vastly. Without any hat on his pate, he was throughout the whole journey rushing out from his carriage at every station, with five or six children at his heels, for the purpose of getting water to drink. He seemed full of cheerfulness, as if his ideas of the future were very bright and pleasant; but, poor fellow! a sad disappointment awaited him.

"But, as I was saying, here I arrived, and, being so late, I had but few to greet me; I found only the sub-engineer and three porters. After a little looking round, and a few inquiries, I took my family off to the town, escorted by this most polite of all polite engineers, followed in the rear by the porters; and, though a short road, as you see, yet at that time it was widely different from what it now is. Then, it was a mixture of mud, large stones, and broken bricks, divided by five or six heavy ruts, made by the wheels of the carts as they laboured to and from the station with materials during the construction of the works. The station, too, which you now see looking so

smart and so complete in every respect, was then widely different. But, as it is booking time now, sir," added he, as by a sudden impulse, "you must excuse me: another time I will complete my journey, with an account of our opening here."

So saying, off he went; and very busy he was, too, attending to the booking of the passengers and their luggage, and answering numerous inquiries of old and young, male and female, till the arrival of a passenger train. I now amused myself with the hurry and scurry, the rushing to and fro, and the fear and perturbation of the inexperienced portion of the travellers, who dreaded lest the train would be off before they could get in, and who called upon Mr. Stillfold not to let it go away without them. At length, all were in, and it did start; it was an up train, and on the opposite side to where I stood, and amidst the few passengers who had alighted from it, I noticed a young man of not very prepossessing appearance—something of a would-be gent, of rather sharp features, whose apparel had seen better days—coming along with a certain swagger and defiant air, accompanied by my friend the porter, in close attendance on him, and Mr. Stillfold, who was listening to his rather loquacious tongue. When they came across to where I was, I found that there was a dispute about his ticket; he said he had given it to some one, but could not exactly point out who it was, and all the officials denied receiving it. He was very consequential, and seemed to be highly indignant at being suspected of an attempt to defraud the company; however, Mr. Stillfold would not give way; and as the "gentleman" said he was going up to London by the next train (parliamentary), and must go into the town first on matters of great importance, he could not be detained. Mr. Stillfold said he would send to the station which the man ostensibly came from, and inquire whether he had taken a ticket there; he would get his reply by the next train, and should it prove satisfactory, he could then go on; but, in the meantime, the traveller was requested to leave some of his luggage, on which condition he would be permitted to go into the town and transact his business; and, accordingly, off he went.

Mr. Stillfold then telegraphed to the station respecting the ticket, and received the reply that only two second-class tickets had been issued, which two tickets had been already collected from other passengers. The inference, therefore, was inevitable, that our "traveller" could not have taken one, and the booking clerk was to come up by the next train to prove it.

I will now explain to my uninitiated readers the mystery of the tickets. The present style of ticket was invented, I believe, by a Mr. Edmondson, who had been in business as a cabinet maker, and, having failed, had, on the opening of the Eastern Counties Railway, got appointed to a small solitary station where there was but little traffic, and that only of passengers. Having necessarily some spare time, and seeing how loose and irregular the system of booking then was, he invented the one at present in use—the tickets, the dating-press, and press for holding the tickets—at least, such is the information I have gleaned concerning it. The numbers, as you may see, all run

consecutively, commencing with 00, 01, 02, 03, till they get on to 10, 11, 12, and so increasing to any amount—of first, second, third, and fourth-class, and express tickets—each ticket, too, bearing the name of a station. The booking clerk has his book made out to correspond, as to station, numbers of tickets, and columns for fares and amount of money received. The tickets are placed in the little divisions in the press, into which they fit exactly, with the names of each station in print over; and underneath each a small piece of slate is let in, on which to mark the number of the last ticket issued; so that, as the clerk takes out, for instance, the first ticket issued, No. 00, the next one left is 01; and putting that number on the little piece of slate, he can see that one ticket has been issued, and so on with any additional number; and, his book being ruled for each train, he is thus enabled easily to calculate the number of tickets issued to each place, and also of the several classes to which they belonged, and can thus readily make up his train, as it is called, and see that his money is correct. The whole system is most simple, ingenious, and excellent. Poor Mr. Edmondson, however, after making some little money, paying off his old debts, and rising in the world, did not live long to enjoy the reward of his ingenuity and skill.

But to resume my tale: our traveller was very particularly watched on his reappearance to go by the next train, and I made it my business to see the result of the affair. He took a third-class ticket to go up to London, but was to abide the answer by the same train. On the booking-clerk from the other station getting out of a carriage, he looked very crest-fallen. Mr. Stillfold then ordered him to be detained, giving him over to the charge of a porter; and as soon as the train had started, they all went into the town to have the case decided by a magistrate. Still anxious to see the end of the occurrence, I followed. It was now between five and six o'clock, and on inquiry at the gentleman's office, Mr. Stillfold was informed that he had just left to go home, his residence being a mile or so from the town; so off all had to trudge thither. However, as we gained the market-place, the magistrate was espied in the distance, riding on horseback, accompanied by his daughter, and a porter was started at once to stay his further progress. Halting on a little rise of earth, he awaited us. Behind him was the court-house, and it not being market-day, the whole square was empty and quiet. We accordingly there formed a rather picturesque "court," the young lady on horseback remaining at the side of her father, and a setting sun meanwhile casting his parting rays around. Thus, in open air and in open court, was the case heard, and very soon decided. As Mr. Stillfold did not press the matter beyond the payment of the fare, the young gentleman thought himself fortunate to get off so well; and on returning to the station his manner was very greatly changed: he became very humble and subdued, and coaxed Mr. Stillfold to allow him to go up to London by the next train with his third-class ticket, for which he certainly seemed very thankful. It is to be hoped that the lesson had a good effect upon him. And here I must conclude, for the present, my Railway Dottings.

### A GLANCE AT FIELD LANE RAGGED SCHOOL.

RAGGED SCHOOLS have been so long before the public, that they have lost the prestige of novelty. Whether John Pounds, the humble cobbler of Portsmouth, was the originator of the system in England, or whether, under a sense of individual responsibility, it sprung up in various districts at the same time, cannot easily be determined. Suffice it to say that, as the very best means of meeting the claims of the destitute and depraved classes, they have so multiplied that, not to refer to the provinces, there are now about 160 Ragged Schools in the Modern Babylon, wherein, by day and by night, 20,000 scholars are taught how to make the best of both worlds. Yet, though much has been done, more remains to be effected, before the social and spiritual needs of the parishes of London will be fully reached. For drunkenness and profligacy abound. "Gaffs" (unlicensed penny theatres) are permitted to give nightly lessons to youth how to perpetrate crime successfully; licentious periodicals, whose sale may be counted by hundreds of thousands, corrupt our youthful population; whilst in the low districts of London, too, the hovel of poverty and the felon's den are associated, and the offspring of honest penury and of the coiner, playing together in the same gutter, receive the same street education. Hence, could the "stones cry out of the wall, and the beam of the timber answer it," almost every rookery would bear witness to the fearful iniquity of its occupants.

These facts were recently brought tangibly to our notice as we passed down Victoria Street, Holborn Hill—the new street which has cut right through the very heart of the dens of Field Lane. A crowd of persons, of all ages and of both sexes, were standing round a quaint-looking building, with two tiers of windows and an elongated lantern light. Their general aspect was *outré* in the extreme. The majority were shoeless, and their raiment so threadbare and ventilated by holes, that even that notorious mart of faded apparel, Rag Fair, would have scorned to purchase their whole stock of clothing. The faces, too, of many were dingy from dirt and long exposure to the weather; whilst the hair, unkempt and shaggy, was obviously allowed to grow at "its own sweet will." He must have been but a crude disciple of Lavater or Spurzheim, who could not have read in most faces the lines of care, or the impress of long-indulged vice. If ever picture of concentrated misery was visible in the streets of this mighty city, it was presented in this strange group. Pen could never fully describe it; and from its mingled grotesqueness and settled gloom, none but a Cruikshank or a Rembrandt could have depicted it.

After wondering what had attracted these miserable creatures, and that too whilst the rain poured in torrents, we glanced at the building near to which they were lounging, in attitudes more easy than graceful, when the secret was revealed. For, over the first tier of windows, we read this inscription: "Field Lane Ragged School." Thus, then, it appeared that we were gazing at one of those admirable institutions which are at once the glory and the shame of Great Britain—of her shame, that a pariah class has been allowed to

grow up unchecked amid a city of palaces; of her glory, that, what the State refused to do, men with love in their hearts and the Bible in their hands have essayed to do, and accomplished.

On entering the school-room, we were struck by its cheerful aspect. It is 55 feet long by 35 wide, and, by means of the women's gallery, at the north end, can accommodate nearly 500 persons. Adequate provision was made to send a current of fresh air through the room, whenever required; and, well cleansed and lighted, it formed a perfect contrast to those miserable dens from which so many of the attendants had strayed. After a hymn had been well sung, in which all joined, a chapter from the oldest and best of books was read, which was followed by a brief but fervent prayer. During the devotional exercises, the congregation was subdued into a stillness like that of the desert. Classes were then formed, which were divided from each other by moveable partitions, about three feet high. Composed, as these classes were, of some of the most unruly and debased of London—several, indeed, were pointed out who had been in prison nine or ten times—all were attentive, and not a few drank in the gospel lesson, as if the very soul were famishing.

Quiet as was the school, we found that in 1841, when it was first opened, and before the full effects of discipline were felt, it might have been cited as an example of "confusion worse confounded." Old and young used to troop in with whoops and yells like Red Indians—the very idea of *their* being invited to attend school being regarded as a first-rate joke. On one occasion, they came in all-fours, baa-ing like lambs. Teachers, too, were often thrown down—accidentally, of course; and not unfrequently they were relieved of their purses by these modern conjurors. As many parents also had trained their offspring as thieves, that they might spend in gin what had been earned by crime, they regarded the moral and religious culture of their children as the loss of a part of their regular income. Hence, they attempted to eject these intruders by breaking the windows, or by throwing oyster-shells and stale vegetables at the teachers. But as the work did not spring from that sickly sentimentality which, contented with crying over wrong, never attempts to remedy it, the teachers did not slacken in their labours, until love had conquered where the strong arm of the law had failed.

In reply to our inquiries, we found that the operations of this institution were so diverse, and yet so based on the great truth that the soul requires feeding as much as the body, that it may be regarded more as a "Preaching Station for Outcasts" than as a mere school. Day and night schools are conducted here, which are attended by 500 scholars. Due provision would also seem to be made to practically enforce this proverb of Solomon: "In all labour there is profit." For in the tailor's and shoemaker's classes we found about eighty young men mending their old clothes, and furbishing up their well-worn boots. In the young women's class, about ninety were busily plying the needle, whilst they lightened the labour with holy song. And at the mother's class, fifty women, some decrepit with extreme age, and others in the first bloom of womanhood, nursing their babes,

were cutting out or repairing garments, and listening to such advice as, if followed, would keep many a poor industrious man out of the gin palace. In addition to 400 scholars, taught by sixty voluntary teachers, divine worship is conducted every Lord's day. At a visit to this "Ragged Church," we found about 200 persons assembled, mostly adults. They were chiefly costermongers, cadgers, thieves, (whose cropped hair told that they had only recently left jail), and females, many of whom had gone astray before they properly knew the distinction betwixt vice and virtue. There was no difference, save in brevity, between this and an ordinary service; and yet no congregation could have displayed more external attention and reverence. One, indeed, of this strange flock came up to the preacher at the close of the service, and said, "Thank you, sir, for your sermon, I enjoyed it very much."

Nor does the work end here. Mere preaching would be of little benefit to those whose haggard looks and sunken eyes tell that they are enduring the horrors of semi-starvation. On the contrary, a dormitory is provided on the ground-floor for houseless males. In this humble refuge, about sixty men and lads sleep every night throughout the year; and the inmates received last year 53,765 six-ounce loaves. We thought, as we inspected this item, how Christ-like was the gift. Knowing that men have bodies as well as souls, whilst He preached he fed; for, said he, in his inimitable tenderness, "If I send them away fasting, they will faint by the way."

At the close of school-hours, sixty-five persons trooped down to the dormitory below. It was formerly used as a smithy, but is now fitted up with baths and lavatories, and is calculated to accommodate above 100 persons. It was first opened in May, 1851, principally at the cost of an "elect lady." When opened, many lads were admitted who had not slept in a bed for several months—one, indeed, had found his nightly shelter, during the inclement winter, in the large garden roller of Regent's Park. Regulations for the preservation of order were suspended in the large school-room; and, as no one is admitted without prior inquiry, all possible means are employed to restrict it to homeless but deserving wanderers. The berth provided would not offer many temptations to a sybarite, seeing that it is simply a wooden compartment—of a length suitable to boys or men—which, for the sake of the daily cleansing, slopes down to the stone footways. After washing, they received a small loaf of bread, which many devoured ravenously, as it was the first meal they had tasted that day. In family worship, conducted with the brevity which befits the class, they were commended to the care of Him who is the guardian of the poor as well as of the rich, and slept more soundly than if they reclined on beds of down. Since this dormitory was opened, above 10,000 men and boys have availed themselves of the shelter provided; of whom 1326 are known to have obtained permanent employment. During the past year alone, no less than 3959 persons were admitted into the dormitory, of whom 342 either obtained work, or were restored to relatives who had mourned over them as lost or dead prodigals.

The success of this movement induced the mana-

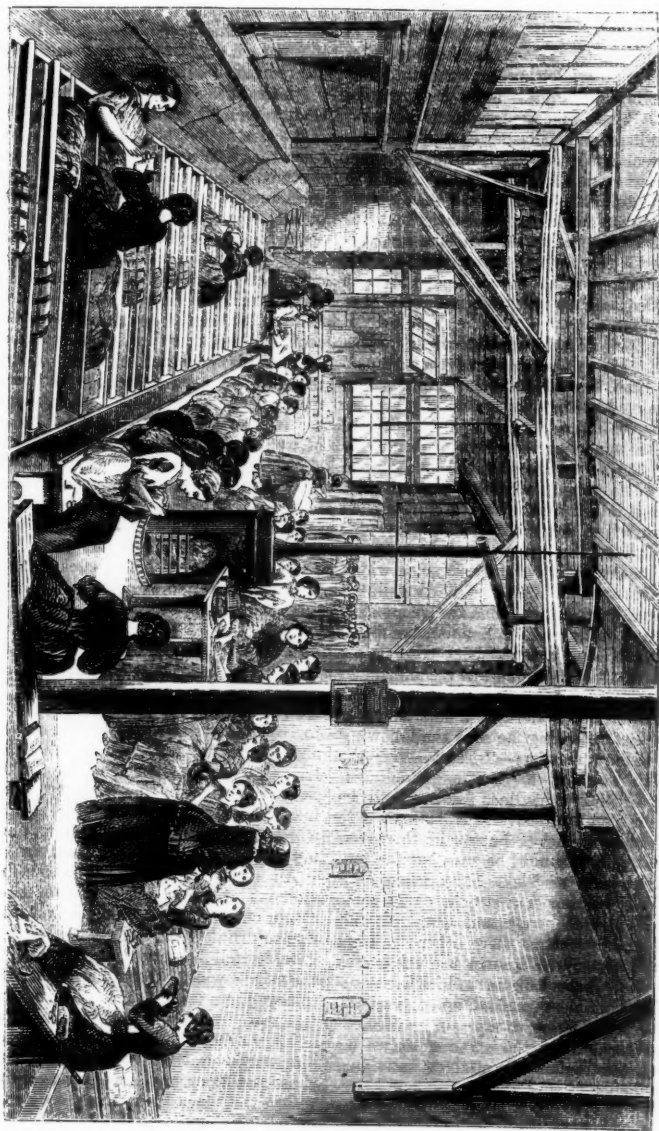
gers of the school, in March last, to open a female dormitory. A rigid inquiry into the history of the females who attended the ragged church, proved the correctness of the saying of the poet, that "truth is stranger than fiction." The causes of their destitution were varied. For example, eight had become poor through the death of, and three more through desertion by, their husbands. Two girls had been forsaken by their mothers; and three had been turned out of doors by parents, who showed less affection for their offspring than the beasts that perish. Nineteen more had lost their employment, and sought for work in vain; thirteen were widows; nine were married, and were accompanied by their children; the remainder were single women.

Many of these poor victims of neglect had slept in the casual wards of the London workhouses. In some of these they were treated with less kindness than horses or dogs. No light illumines the "darkness that may be felt." As the very air breathes of pestilence, the unhappy inmates awake from a restless sleep, either physically exhausted or fever-stricken. Straw, rotten from age, and reeking with filth, too often forms their only bed; damp exhalations float all around, and clothe the very walls with strange fungi. Hence the seeds of asthma and consumption are thickly sown in these miserable abodes. The moral evils of the casual wards are fitly symbolised by these physical horrors. No attempt at classification being made, unmitigated disorder reigns. Modest girls and dissolute women; pallid and thinly-clad women weakened by disease or penury, and girls discarded by their families for their profligate habits; servants out of work, and girls who never mean to work—all herd together, more like swine than human beings. What is still worse—as exhibiting the saddest of spectacles, women in utter debasement—too many pass the night in foul jesting and filthier song.

These painful facts were confirmed by a visitation of some casual wards of London by a late lord mayor. Of the appropriate remedy who could doubt? Seeing the success of the male dormitory, the propriety of forming a female one, to supplement the other, was at once perceived. A stable having been obtained, it was fitted up for the accommodation of fifty females, at the cost of about £200, the larger part of which was contributed by the same Christian lady who had defrayed the expense of the male dormitory.

After threading a maze of alleys and of ruinous houses, which, before their westward emigration, had formed the homes of England's nobility, we found this Refuge in Hatton Court, Hatton Garden. It was well lighted and ventilated; and the recent lime-washing diffused a healthy savour throughout the premises. From the extreme, and if possible prudish, cleanliness of the dormitory, it was clearly not a spot wherein a spider could safely spin his web. The inmates, many of whom had the impress of age in extreme youth, were clean and neat. Very pleasant was it to listen to their song of praise before retiring to rest. As we left this Refuge, amid a squall of rain and wind, we felt grateful to think that these poor daughters of woe, who otherwise must have roamed the streets the live-long night, were sheltered from the storm.





FIELD LANE RAGGED SCHOOL.

A question recurred to us after our visit: "Has any benefit accrued from these self-denying labours? or does its history present but another example of money and toil wasted on a barren soil?" It would seem that in this, as in all cases, "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." If we inspect the statistics of the past year alone, we find that 105 children attending the day school obtained employment; 32 of the little needle-women at the industrial school entered into service; and 342 inmates of the male Refuge were provided for. What is most pleasing, as showing that the friendless and half-starved children are permanently reclaimed, we were informed that, of the 402 scholars who last March received the prizes of that admirable institution, "the Ragged School Union," for retaining their situations for twelve months and upwards, no less than seventy-six belonged to this school. One sketch of a former scholar may be fitly given, especially as it may be regarded as a representative biography of many other inmates.

—, aged 26. His father died when he was six years old. He was apprenticed to a respectable firm in Hull, but his mother indulged him with an excess of pocket-money, which induced extravagant habits and negligence of his employers' interests, till his indentures were cancelled. He then became landing-waiter at the customs of Hull, but was discharged for being drunk on duty. He once more obtained a situation and remained in it two years, when drink brought him to want. He then went into the country, hawking small wares, where he forged an order for sixpence, which is allowed to every Odd Fellow while travelling; for which offence he was imprisoned twelve months. After leaving prison he came to London, and found his way to Field Lane Refuge, from whence, his conduct proving satisfactory, he was recommended to a permanent Refuge, where he became a communicant, and is now a clerk to a land surveyor in America. Before sailing he sent the following letter to the Refuge master:—"Ere leaving the shores of Old England for a strange and distant country, I think a few lines from me will be as pleasant for you to receive as it is for me to send them. Many times I have said to myself this morning, 'What should I be now, but for you, and the kind teachers of Field Lane School? I should still be walking the streets or in some prison; and I do feel happy and thankful that Providence ever brought me there, otherwise I am afraid I should never have known the value of a living God. Now I can look up to him with confidence.' May God bless you all, and the school, for it has proved a blessing to my soul and body."

Whilst cogitating over the strange sights we had seen, and the romantic recital of individual histories to which we had listened, we found ourselves exclaiming aloud: "With evidence like this, that none are beyond the reach of practical Christianity, why should such institutions be in debt? and are the wealthy doing their part towards elevating, morally and socially, their poorer brethren?" It is not difficult to admire the parable

of the Good Samaritan; but of the multitude who praise, how many ever entered the rookeries and byeways of London to search for and reclaim those who, from their very birth, have "fallen among thieves?" Many a morally wounded youth lies at our very door, and unless we prefer the gloom of a prison, nothing but the unbought love of the Ragged School teacher can meet his case. Even, if regarded only in a social point of view, this and all kindred institutions deserve the warm support of the public. It is affirmed on good authority that, before his career is stopped, every criminal costs the nation at least £300. Now it would seem that 342 adults, of the very same class, and destined to disseminate the same moral malaria, were reclaimed by this one school, at an expense of little more than £1 per head. Viewed, then, economically—and when did John Bull, in testing a theory, ever forget his banker's account?—the curative process is better than the old plan of social excision. The history of the Field Lane School, as do the records of every other ragged school, fully shows that, what legal force can never effect is not beyond the power of love. For criminals have been reformed who regarded a jail merely as another home; outcasts have not only received shelter, but been taught the great duty of work; the profligate or spendthrift has been shown that true pleasure cannot be divorced from duty; and not a few of our home heathen have been pointed to the eternal Refuge far away. Thus is it shown, by illustrations not to be misinterpreted, that the Christianity which saves, also civilizes; and that before men can properly perform their duty to society, they must learn their duty to their Maker.

#### A REMINISCENCE OF IRELAND IN 1798.

At the early age of eighteen, the writer was sent to Ireland by a house of business, to collect money and orders, in consequence of the illness of their traveller. It was in the year 1798, during the fearful rebellion in that country. My youth and inexperience will account for the alacrity with which I accepted the commission, and gaily made my way, *vid* Holyhead, to Dublin.

An event occurred the very first morning, ominous of evil. The driver of the Shrewsbury coach, on the box of which I had taken my place, was so drunk that, before we had cleared Highgate, he fell backward, incapable of even holding the reins; while I, quite a novice, was compelled to take them up and drive at all hazards to Barnet, where we happily arrived in safety, and obtained another driver. The state of my hands and arms afterwards proved my utter unfitness for the job thus cast upon me, and I was quite willing to resign the, since then, much coveted employment of driving four-in-hand.

After travelling all that day and night, on the next evening we arrived at Shrewsbury, where we slept, and the following (third) day, in the evening, we rested again at Conway. The fourth day was

\* Few objects are more worthy of the generous support of the benevolent than such schools and refuges; and aid to which, in seasons of distress like the present, is sure to be especially acceptable. Those who have not the opportunity

of visiting Field Lane Ragged Schools, may have (post free) a lengthened and very interesting report of their various details, by forwarding six postage stamps to Mr. Mountstephen, 72, West Smithfield, London.

consumed in reaching Holyhead; and on the morning of the fifth day we set sail for Dublin, at which city, being impeded by contrary winds, we did not arrive until twelve o'clock on the sixth day! Six days was then no uncommon time to be consumed on the journey from London to Dublin by comparatively fast coaches.

On my way through Wales, I heard most alarming accounts of the state of Ireland; but they served rather to raise my curiosity than to daunt me. One of the passengers in the packet, a solicitor of Mountjoy Square, very kindly advised me to return home, or write for permission to do so; but this, I felt, would be showing the white feather. My adviser seemed to admire my courage, though he mortified me somewhat by attributing it to my inexperience.

The first morning I spent in Dublin was at an hotel, called the "Brazen Head." The landlord, who was a friendly sort of man, seeing I was alone and very young, inquired most kindly the nature of my business; on learning which, he strongly urged me, as the accounts from the provincial towns were most fearful, to consult Mr. King, an eminent bookseller, and one of the customers of the house that I represented, as to my proceeding under the circumstances. I did so, and he immediately wrote to my employers, advising them either to suspend the journey, or to send some man of more experience. The firm, however, declined to make any change, but pressed me to persevere in collecting the debts, as they said all were doubtful in a land of rebellion. They evidently had no idea of the real state of the country. On this, I assumed a courage to meet all difficulties as delightful novelties; and finding very little encouragement to collect money in Dublin, I determined to proceed to the provinces at once.

At that time, the Irish mail coaches travelled with two guards mounted behind, well armed, and a troop of dragoons by the side. It was a fine and exciting scene to see the mail start, thus attended, and it certainly was either a dire necessity or a reckless resolution to cause any one to travel under such circumstances. In the present day, no one can realize the state of Ireland out of Dublin in 1798. All the inmates of mansions and detached country houses left their homes, and took shelter in Dublin, or in some of the large towns; nearly the whole country, south and west especially, was at one period in possession of the rebels—that is, every place not occupied by the royal army, which in many places had been attacked by the rebels successfully. At Dublin Castle there appeared much confusion and consternation. The most harsh and violent measures were adopted by the Government, and carried out by their subordinates with great cruelty: flogging, shooting, and hanging were quite the order of the day. This let in a flood of tyranny still more oppressive by party magistrates and squires; and the religious parties, especially, aggravated it most fearfully, so that the whole country was up in arms. One great mistake the Government made was the employment of the yeomanry, a body that committed the greatest excesses; for they either showed their loyalty by cruelly exasperating the peasantry to madness, or, after being clothed,

armed, and paid by the Government, they turned traitors and joined the rebels.

I remember rising early one morning in consequence of the dreadful disturbances heard in the night; and passing, in company with a fellow traveller at the hotel, the Market House in St. Thomas's Street, which was bristling with loaded cannon and garrisoned by artillerymen, we were horrified on finding many bodies hanging from the lamp-posts. These unfortunate persons had been taken fighting in the streets, and there summarily executed, while others were lying in the adjoining streets, dead or severely wounded. We returned to breakfast with very little appetite, but great indignation; for we had not yet learned the sad necessity of these proceedings—if, indeed, such a dire necessity existed—nor had we become familiarized with such horrors. On passing the short street that led to the castle entrance, we found four pieces of cannon loaded, with lighted matches beside them. These, and many other defences, remained for two years or more. The entrance to the Phoenix Park was also similarly guarded.

Such was the state of Dublin, when, in a spirit of foolhardiness, I took my elevated place on the box of the Waterford mail, accompanied by my before-mentioned fellow traveller, the inside places having been previously engaged. We were not a little vain on perceiving that we excited the wonder of those who were assembled to see the mail start, as well as of the dragoons, our escort, who most probably thought us two foolish fellows.

Soon after clearing the suburbs, the driver, turning to me, said: "To be sure, now, young gentleman, you are in a hurry to get home, or you would not be here: if any shindy takes place, just drop behind me."

"Thank you," said I; "but I am going from home."

"Oh, then," said he, "what can take you outside the king's mail in such ugly times as these?"

"Why, business," I replied.

"Och, sure then, and it can be nothing else but a love affair; and may you see the beautiful creature smile on you like the streaks of a summer morning!"

After driving some miles, we came to a plantation, when, on a hint from one of the guards, the horses were put to a gallop, during which the rattling of the dragoons' sword-scabbards and trappings was quite astounding to my civilian ears. We got safely through the plantation without a shot, and the coachman resumed his cross-examination and drollery, which kept me on the alert for some miles, until we came to —, when he advised me to be on the look-out; though what I was to look out for, I could not understand, inasmuch as it was then quite dark, and the lamp-shades were put down, that we might not offer a mark to be shot at. Not a word was now heard; the soldiers had previously talked freely to each other and to the guards, but all was now silent, save the clatter of the wheels and the horses' feet. Even the noise of the trappings had somehow, I observed, ceased, and we travelled onwards as fast as our horses could go. I now began to realize that there was some danger in my position, and the idea of home made me thoughtful. I well remember my usual evening prayer passing through

my mind; after which I felt refreshed and prepared for the result of all sorts of imaginings. However, we arrived safely at Carlow, where we heard that the rebels were in great force, and had possession of Leighlin Bridge. The passengers were advised by one of the magistrates not to proceed; but we (my fellow-traveller and myself), either from firmness or obstinacy, determined to proceed with the mail: the inside passengers, more wisely, remained behind.

We now found the road all alive with parties of straggling rebels, boding us no good; and as we got to the narrow defile before the entrance to Ballybar, we heard a shout and then a scattered firing from the heights above. The horses were ordered to be put into a gallop, but one of the leaders fell wounded. The dragoons quickly cut the traces, but the coach was necessarily stopped. The scene now became most alarming to us; the soldiers shouted to the driver to gallop on with the wheel horses, while the rebels, who had surrounded us, cried out, "Stop!" No effort whatever was made to drive on, and we were soon in the possession of an overpowering host of rebel forces. A cloudy day was just breaking, and we could only dimly see what was passing; but after considerable noise, confusion, and firing, we found ourselves unhurt, but prisoners. The soldiers, we afterwards heard, cut their way out with three of their men wounded, and the loss of the mail coach with its contents. Why the rebels encumbered themselves with us, after they had plundered us of our luggage and of all about our persons, including our great-coats, we could not imagine; but they carried, or rather made us carry ourselves, to Ballaghmore in Queen's County, where we were permitted to walk within the boundary of the rebel encampment, with liberty to feed on what we could find, beg, borrow, or steal; and here we continued for some time.

It was wonderful to observe the hilarity and good humour of these poor ignorant deluded people, although most of them were, as concerns food, as deplorably off as ourselves. They were even kind to us, as far as they were able, and spared us a spoonful of meal or dough—for they sadly lacked the means to bake—from their short allowance; and I remember how thankfully we received the same, for we were occasionally days without food of any kind.

One day we were marched off about ten or twelve miles, to the head-quarters of the officer in command of the rebels, at Roscrea. We found him in a tolerable farm-house, surrounded by a motley group, who addressed him as General. He was a remarkably fine young man, about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, tall, soldier-like, and stern in manner; he had been in the king's service, and was dressed in rather a handsome green uniform, and was attended by three officers in similar costume, only without epaulets. Seated at a small table, they had us in separately; but on questioning us, they soon found we were not worth the trouble of examining. The General then shortly expressed a regret at our detention, and promised that an inquiry should be made after our luggage, at the same time giving an intimation to one of the officers that this should be attended to. I saw a large red box on the table,

the contents of which he was occupied in earnestly reading while I was under examination, and never shall I forget the peculiar searching look with which he occasionally eyed me as I gave my answers; the impression remains to this day, although sixty years have since passed away! We learned that this man, before the rebellion was organized into something like its present order, had headed a band in the mountains of Wicklow, and had defeated all the force and stratagems of the military to capture him or any of his men. A reward of £1000 was offered by proclamation for him, dead or alive, but the offer produced no effect. He successfully eluded every attempt to put him down, and he and his men became the nucleus of the first and most efficient rebel army.

On quitting the room (for we were dismissed together), we appealed to his humanity to supply us with some food and the means of returning to Dublin, when he assured us that the patriots, as he called them, would do their best to supply us with the former, but that the latter was quite out of his power. All he could do to assist us would be to furnish us with a pass, to carry us unmolested by the patriots through the country, and he gave an order to one of the officers to see this done, who attended us to a cabin hard by, where we obtained some bread, meat, and whisky; but we never got the promised pass.

Three days after this, there was some fighting with the king's troops, when we saw some portion of the rebels turned out in a very orderly manner, and others in a pell-mell mob, but they all appeared frantic with shouts of "Erin go bragh;" and after this came an attack on the rebels at Birr, by the royal army in full force under General Needham (as I was told), which ended in the rout of the former; but, somehow, either from inability or other cause, the victory was not followed up, and the rebels retreated unmolested, if I mistake not, to Balnagher. Some few prisoners were taken by the king's troops, and we amongst the number; and, although non-combatants, we were most roughly handled. The following day, however, a sergeant came to inform us that we were released. We asked him where we could go to with safety, to which he returned a very unsatisfactory reply. We demanded to see some officer in authority, and in about an hour he returned and conducted us before a sort of military tribunal, consisting of three officers and a civilian, whom we supposed to be a magistrate. We told our tale, and, to our astonishment, we were quickly committed to a guard. We protested against such treatment, but were most roughly handed off, and after a day's confinement in a miserable guard-room, were unceremoniously dismissed, and left to choose our way amidst an exasperated population that detested everybody and everything that had the semblance of English. Indeed, the cruelties committed by the troops and others in the ascendant were frightful, and left a fierce impression on the populace, which remained for many years, and may explain much of their subsequent turbulent conduct.

The rebels, or patriots as they called themselves, were certainly, on the whole, a fine body of men; their queerly-made uniform was green—made of any green material. How they contrived to pro-



cure so many articles of that colour, consisting of baize curtains, table-cloths, etc., etc., was a mystery to me: their uniforms were certainly not uniform. Many of the men had been drilled by night for months before the outbreak, and were well armed. They were, generally speaking, a joyous, enthusiastic body. Some looked more savage and undisciplined than the rest; these were armed with pikes, scythes, or other weapons, and were dressed in the usual tattered long-tail coats, of all colours, sizes, and shapes. These men consisted of the young, the old, the tall, and the short—a gathering from all the counties in Ireland; still they all showed the same characteristics of recklessness; it seemed to be fun to them, for they were as joyous as I have seen them going to a wedding or a funeral (the Irish being equally hilarious at both), according to the universal custom of the popish peasantry, and they were all of that communion to a man.

The best of these corps were commanded by men of military habit, many of whom appeared to be foreigners. The more motley bodies were headed, it could not be said commanded, by hot-headed civilians, full of reckless courage and political enthusiasm, who were continually singing democratic songs, or oratorizing the men. To control the men or themselves was beyond their power or inclination.

That these poor misguided enthusiasts should be guilty of occasional excesses in their progress was not a wonder to those who witnessed the causes of their exasperation. For example, when General Duff entered Kildare, he found that the mail coach had been captured by the rebels, and St. Giffard, who had the command of the king's detachment that guarded it, had been shot: for this, according to his own report to the Lord Lieutenant, he put to death 500 of the rebels! Two brothers of the name of Thears, the sons of a respectable solicitor, were hanged for having some seditious papers found on their persons, although never published. Captain Hume also reported to the same authority that he had defeated a body of rebels with thirty yeomanry, and then added: "I have the satisfaction to inform you that above 300 of these miscreants lie dead on the field." And again, the afore-mentioned General Needham, at Arklow, reports his firing grape-shot on the rebels, and that Colonel Maxwell (another of the yeomanry) had burnt a whole village there! Is it, therefore, a wonder that the peasantry felt exasperation?

[To be continued.]

### THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.

THE distinction of ranks and the inequality of condition prevailing amongst mankind, is one of those phenomena in the constitution of the social fabric which admits but of one solution. It manifestly arises spontaneously, from the diversity of talent, industry, and the many other circumstances, inherent or fortuitous, by which the individual members of society are distinguished, and which always have prevented, and will continue to prevent, that equality which has been the dream of fanaticism and the aim of folly. But whilst it is true that "the poor will never cease from the

land," it is absurd and unnatural to extend the application of the principle to nations or communities of men, as if there actually existed a race of human beings whose physical organization and mental obtuseness unfitted them for making those advances in civilization which would qualify them to fulfil the more important functions of society. Yet such has been predicated of the negro race of Africa, as a plea for and justification of slavery; and, in spite of examples to the contrary, which are continually presenting themselves, to contradict the blasphemous assumption, it still continues to be repeated, and an attempt is even made to torture the Holy Scriptures into a confirmation of its correctness. The anatomical experiments of Sir W. Hamilton and Professor Tiedemann, by which the organization of the negro brain is proved to be quite equal in volume and intellectual capacity to that of the European, has done good service to the cause of humanity as well as of science. It is, however, by no means honourable to European wisdom and intelligence that such an investigation should be considered necessary to set at rest a question which common sense and reflection, backed by the history of Africa and Africans, ancient and modern, might have long ago decided without it.

The real ground, however, of the tyranny exercised by the European over the African race, whatever may be said to the contrary, does not really rest on the inferiority of the intellect of the latter, but on motives the most sordid and selfish. Many of the negro race have proved themselves, even under the condition of slavery, as enlightened, intelligent, and humane as their task-masters. Gold is the idol at whose shrine a hecatomb of victims is annually sacrificed; and *might* is the only law by which the *right* is established to make the oblation. The acquisition of wealth by such means gradually engenders a *taste* for tyranny; and, sanctioned by the laws, the claim to its exercise becomes a vested interest in a national institution; and thus the injustice is perpetuated.

But this legalized outrage on justice is coupled with another, equally unjust and indefensible on moral or even on rational grounds, but which, especially in the United States of America, extends beyond the dreary confines of slavery, and places the whole mass of Africa's sons and daughters and their descendants under the ban of social intercourse. We refer to the prejudice of colour; and to so lamentable a length is this carried, that the slightest tinge of African blood, untraceable by any but the most practised eye, is sufficient to place the unfortunate being "out of the pale of social relations." A quadroon, or one even still further removed from the doomed and hated race, if a female, may be as white as the driven snow, as beautiful as Eve, and as intellectual and well-educated as the first lady of the land; yet, to marry such an one would be accounted an illegal act, that would assuredly place the offender under the surveillance of Judge Lynch, even if no more formal cognizance of the crime were taken.

It is remarkable, too, that this unchristian prejudice extends more generally over the northern free states, and displays itself with greater intensity there than in the southern slave states.

This may be accounted for by the fact of the latter being brought into closer contact with the negro by the "peculiar institution," by which they become, in a manner, identified with them in the more intimate relations of life; and the result has been a mixed race, partaking in various degrees of the European blood and feature, until the characteristics of the original negro are lost to all the existing prejudices. An exception to this takes place, however, in the case of the marriage tie, against which a bar is harshly and irrevocably fixed.

In the northern free states, where a higher tone of moral feeling is assumed, and a more marked separation between the negro and the white exists, the prejudice against colour is proportionally stronger. The emancipated negroes are looked upon as unwelcome intruders, and are as effectually kept down by the dominant race as if they were still slaves. Many a zealous abolitionist would, like Aunt Ophelia, "as soon touch a toad" as make free with, or kiss, a negro child. Having abolished slavery in their own States, and done all in their power to effect emancipation in the south, they suddenly come to a stand, and say to the free negro, or man of colour, "We have fulfilled the Christian obligation by setting you free here, and have endeavoured to do the same to your brethren in the south; we admit your claim to our consideration as Christians and fellow men in every respect, except that of intercourse with us as such. You may still be our 'hewers of wood and drawers of water;' but we will neither admit you into our social relationship, nor even into our Christian communities on equal terms. All offices of trust, authority, or power, are barred against you. You may, by dint of industry and application, acquire wealth, or become learned and intelligent; but you must not assume that your acquirements, of whatever kind, can give you a claim to social intercourse or official employment. You are still negroes in other respects, and that fact alone is an insurmountable barrier to all intercourse with us."

Such is the pitiable condition of the free negroes in the northern States of America, and such are the absurd and low ideas of moral and Christian obligation acknowledged and acted upon by the whites. "What, then, is to be done in the case?" was the question put to themselves by the professed friends of the negroes, but who, notwithstanding, yielded to the same unhallowed prejudice of colour. "These free negroes are daily increasing in numbers, and in moral if not political influence. They are acquiring wealth and learning; and many of them display intelligence and ability which, as whites, would entitle them to the highest position as citizens; but, as negroes, they must never be allowed to assume rights and privileges which belong to us alone! What, then, can be done with them?"

Out of this question has arisen a consequence, which, if carried out in hearty good faith, would, at no distant day, in all probability, effect both the abolition of the slave trade and the civilization of Africa—that highly favoured country, which, for so many ages, was nothing more to Europe than a mart from whence to derive a supply of brute labour for her West Indian sugar colonies. In

the year 1816, the increase and condition of the free negroes occupied the attention of the legislature of Virginia; and in the following year, the American Colonization Society was organized, under the direction of Mr. Finlay. It may here be proper to state, that so early as 1787, when Granville Sharp, by a legal decision of the Court of King's Bench, in the case of a kidnapped negro, established the principle of law, *that the condition of slavery could not constitutionally exist in the British Islands*, and consequently that, as soon as a slave touched the soil, he could at once claim his freedom—the British government had caused to be conveyed to the coast of Africa four hundred negroes and sixty Europeans, who formed the colony of Sierra Leone; and President Jefferson, of the United States, had proposed to them to admit coloured emigrants and others from that country. This request was, for some reasons we cannot now ascertain, held in abeyance, and, until 1817, nothing further was attempted. In that year, however, the American abolitionists and others matured the plan of founding a colony on the same coast, for the reception of free men of colour. It is necessary to state here, that in consequence of the fears expressed by the slave owners of the south, lest the colonization societies of the north—for there are more than one—should interfere with their "peculiar institution," the latter refrained from all meddling with the slavery question, further than professing, so far as in them lay, to prevent the prosecution of the slave trade on the coast of Africa. During the thirty-eight years of the existence of the colony, it has made an extraordinary progress, when we take into consideration the obstacles it has had to surmount—the savage and warlike character of the neighbouring tribes, and, above all, the existence of the slave trade, whose agents in the vicinity of the colony were jealous of the growing influence of the young settlement. In 1846, finding that its position in connection with the Colonization Society materially interfered with its progress, by preventing its recognition by the European governments, the colonists resolved to separate themselves from all political ties, and declare themselves an independent state, under the title of, "THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA."

Before referring at large to this new state, we propose to give a short sketch of the progress of the colony from its formation, as presented by the author of "Africa Redeemed," a work containing the fullest and best account on the subject yet issued. It was drawn up, we believe, by a colonist.

At a meeting held at the house of Mr. Caldwell, at Washington, on the 30th of December, 1816, at which were present four gentlemen—Messrs. Caldwell, Finlay, Mills, and Key—it was resolved that a society be formed, to be called "The American Colonization Society;" and it was also arranged that Messrs. Mills and Burgess should proceed at once to the coast of Africa, to select a proper spot for the proposed colony. These gentlemen accordingly sailed; and after many dangers and delays, by shipwreck and other casualties, they landed at Freetown in Sierra Leone, at the beginning of 1818, and were received in the most friendly manner by the governor and residents of that colony. With the assistance of one

of the latter, an influential man of colour, named Kizell, they proceeded to Sherbro Island, and were introduced by him to King Samona, or Sherbro, for the purpose of treating for a part of his territory. Kizell himself paved the way, and the interview was very characteristic.

"Two gentlemen," said he, "are in yonder vessel"—pointing to the ship; "they come from the headmen in America, from Washington."

"Hem! hem!" replied the sable monarch.

"They are sent to King Sherbro to get a place for some black people, who are free in that land, to come and sit down by Sherbro, if he will give them land."

"Hem! hem!" replied Sherbro again.

"The offer is made to Sherbro; if he don't want them, they find some other spot. Spots plenty."

"Hem! hem!"

"If they come, a great thing for Sherbro and his people. They bring schools, teach the children, and tell the big ones how to till the land. We die soon, but the children will learn, and know more than their fathers."

"Hem! hem!"

"These people make things cheaper and plentier; they come quiet; no war, no fight. If our people do bad, no musket fired, but regular palaver. If you don't believe it, send some headmen to Washington and see," persevered Kizell.

"Hem! hem!" still responded the non-committed prince. "The king of my nation, I boy to him; the king and headmen own the country; they must say palaver to-morrow; all come; then answer."

At a second meeting, Mills asked, "What answer shall we carry back to our people? Will King Sherbro receive his children?"

"Yes," answered the king; "yes, we cannot hate them; we receive them." And, accordingly, a tract of land was purchased and paid for, on account of the American Colonization Society, assisted by Congress, which passed an act in 1819 for the purchase of the territory as an asylum for liberated or recaptured negroes; and thus was the nucleus formed which has resulted in the new republic.

#### A FEW WORDS ABOUT A LIBRARY.

"A good book," says John Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and cherished up on purpose to a life beyond life." In books the men of all time have left to us a permanent and substantial legacy. In some slight degree we may estimate the good which a man does while living; but if he write a book, wise and religious in its character, beautiful in its thoughts, and noble in its aspirations; if with the hand of genius he can touch the springs of human action, and the chords which vibrate in the depths of our being, then we cannot estimate the benefits conferred; for though centuries may pass away, though the surface of society may be changed and language itself be altered, the book will live, because it has within it an enduring principle of vitality.

In one of his letters, Cowper deploras with bitterness the uselessness of his life, and his inability to do anything for the cause of God; but at that

very time Cowper was composing some of those poems, which are already known and loved wherever the English language is read, which have spoken peace to troubled spirits and given rest to weary hearts; which have shown how genius is consecrated and blessed by religion, and how wit and humour may become the handmaidens and auxiliaries of the highest truth. Often during his life John Foster lamented his weakness in the same manner. He could not preach like Hall and Chalmers; he could not take a leading position in our religious societies; but he has left to thinking, earnest men one work, at least, of incalculable value, and the number of editions which his "Essays" have passed through, show that the boon has been appreciated. But we cannot stay now to discuss the usefulness of particular authors, or the value of particular books. Our present object is to say a few, a very few, words about a library, and how to use it.

We have heard oftentimes very sage remarks from some of our friends as to the book-buying mania. "Why," say they, "do you burden yourself with so many books? Can you ever read them all? Or, if you can, will you be the wiser for such a strange medley of knowledge?" And then some prudent money-loving fellow chimes in with the sordid exclamation, "What a dead loss it will be if you sell them again!"

Sell them again, indeed! Does any book-lover ever think of selling his books? The dear old copies which he has treasured up from his youth—which he has marked with pencil and with ink—which he has taken into the woods, when he has spent a day there—which he has read from hour to hour on the sea-shore, and then made a pillow of upon the sand—sell them again! the grand old folios, the precious first editions, the black-lettered tomes, the moth-eaten octavos! Sell them again! the volumes which have soothed him when weary, which have strengthened him when faint, which have spoken softly to him in the quiet night hours; the friends for whom he has fled society and scorned wealth, and laughed at conventional distinctions. Sell them, indeed! The man might as well talk of selling his own children.

And, then, to that curt question, "Can you ever read them all?" we would reply in this manner: "Neither can we, nor would we if we could." Doubtless Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton had his own reasons for recommending his son always to finish a book if he began it; but to us it does appear by no means pleasant advice. Think of wading through even the best writers in that slow and steady way! Nodding with Homer when he nods—going fast asleep with Spenser when he becomes wearied in the forest—visiting with Milton hell, heaven, and Eden, and passing from one to the other in regular progression, till we see Adam and Eve fairly out of the garden. Or think of reading Southey's "Doctor" straight through, or his "History of Brazil," or Hallam's "Literature of Europe," or the "Ancient Universal History," or Richard Baxter's works! No, no; we at once deny even the wish to perform such feats. We leave them to those mighty readers, those intellectual Brobdingnags with whom we, in our inferior sphere, have no sympathy. But then, although

in our library there are only ten or twelve volumes which we read through and through, there are hundreds which administer to our various mental moods, a few sentences from which will suggest trains of thought, or rouse inquiry, or recall loving memories, or stimulate sweet and not illusive hopes of a blissful future. And if some volumes may retain the same position on our shelves for weeks and months together, if the dust broods over them, and a chance cobweb settles on their leaves, do not therefore imagine that they are neglected. There are some friends whom we converse with little, although we love them well. We find it pleasant at times to be in their society, although we may not speak to them; but many a loving glance is exchanged, and many a happy thought is awakened by the sense of nearness.

And now for the other question put to us by a sapient friend: "Will you be the wiser for such a strange medley of knowledge?" Certainly not, if it be a medley; but we deny the inference. The mind in its capabilities is almost boundless. It has "ample space and verge enough." With some men, indeed, it is only a lumber room, full, but not furnished; with others it is a vast warehouse, containing many precious things, but concealed in clumsy packing-cases; while with others, again, though the apartment be full even to overflowing, everything is in its right place for ornament or for use.

Do not, then, my friend, fear being surrounded on all sides by wise and good books; fear only lest thou slight or misemploy the wealth which they contain. Remember that the savage Australians ran for centuries over gold dust, and yet reaped no harvest. We certainly believe, then, that in itself a good library is a good thing, although in some cases it may be injurious to the possessor. The danger is obvious, and may be avoided. If, by the acquisition of many books, you cease deliberately and earnestly to think for yourself; if you are tempted to roam from subject to subject, glancing at it in a superficial and desultory manner, just to know what has been said upon it, your large library will become of little value. But if, with an honest intention, you have chosen a branch of study, convinced that for you it is the most appropriate, then oftentimes books apparently quite alien may be brought to bear upon it. One author may awaken suggestions, which, though leading you for a while beyond your own mental territory, may bring you back to it at last enriched and benefited. Another writer may give you exactly the facts you need, and a third the impulses and inducements without which your labours would be conducted feebly or not at all. One may brace you for mental conflict, another may soothe and refresh your spirit; and thus, if not wanting to yourself, all may be subservient to the end you have in view.

How to form a good library may in some future number form the subject of another paper.

#### "ONCE."

"DID you ever attend the theatre?" said a young man to a young person, who hung on his arm as they promenaded the streets of New York, one mild evening in October. The girl's cheek crimsoned as

she answered the interrogatory in the negative, and added:—

"My mother has taught me from childhood that it is wrong to attend such places."

"But your mother formed, perhaps, improper prejudices, from exaggerated accounts given by others; for I have often heard her say she never attended one in her life."

He spoke eloquently of the drama, and dwelt with pathos on the important lessons there to be learned of human nature.

"Go with me *once*," he said, "and judge for yourself."

Persuasion and curiosity triumphed over maternal precept and example, as she hesitatingly replied:—

"I'll go but once."

She went, and in that theatre a spell came over her. She went again and again, and from that house of mirth and laughter she was led eventually to one, from the portals of which she never returned.

Around a centre-table, where an astral lamp was shedding its mild light, sat three girls, one holding in her hand a pack of cards. At the back of her chair stood a young man, who for years had successfully resisted every effort made by his companions to induce him to learn the characters of cards.

"Come," said she, "we want one to make out our game. Play with us once, if you never play again."

Her eye, cheek, and lip conspired to form an eloquent battery, which sent forth its attack upon the fortress of good resolutions, in which he had long stood secure, until it fell like the walls of an ancient city when jarred by the fearful battering-ram. He learned the cards and played. A few months afterwards I was passing his door at a late hour, and a candle was shedding its dim light through the window. He had acquired a taste for gambling. Gaming brought with it disease, and death came just as he had numbered the half of his threescore years and ten. During his last hours I was sitting by his bedside, when he fixed on me a look I shall never forget, and bade me listen to his dying words.

"I might have been a different man from what I am; but it is now too late. I am convinced that there is a state of being beyond the grave; and when I think of the retribution which awaits me in another world, I feel a dread which language is inadequate to describe." These were among the last words he ever uttered.

The junior class of a southern college had assembled in a student's room to spend the night in riot and debauch. Amid the crowd was one who had never recited a bad lesson since his matriculation. In his studies he was "head and shoulders" above the class. That day he had failed. A shade of the deepest gloom came over him, and he was melancholy. But the wine and jest passed round, while he felt like Lucifer in Eden, where all was joy and gladness around him. Said a classmate:—

"Come, Bob, quaff this bumper, and it will dispel your gloomy thoughts."

The tempter whispered in his ear, "Drink once, and forget the past." A powerful struggle seemed to be going on in his mind for a moment; but at last he silently shook his head and retired from the room.

He resisted the temptation, and is now president of a college.

*Once!* Oh, on this slender point hath turned, for weal or woe, the destiny of many a deathless spirit. Cæsar paused but once on the banks of the Rubicon. Eve ate the forbidden fruit but once, and her countless posterity have felt the fearful consequences resulting from so rash an act. Reader, remember *ONCE*.—*American Peper*.